

1662.

THE LAST YEARS INTELLIGENCER  
In  
BURLESQ.

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MERCURIUS PUBLICUS *in verse*  
*Although it be not very terse,*  
*Doth yet the Sum of News comprise,*  
*Partly in Truth, and partly Lies,*  
*All that's on foot in the three Nations*  
*For the good Peoples Informations;*  
*And as it dedicated was*  
*To th' Author of Sir HUDIBRAS.*

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JANUARY.

THE Prince *de la Grange* whilom of *Lincolns-lun*  
Who set all that House on so merry a pin,  
(Entertained the King, and the Ladies with Sweet-meat,  
With Pleading, and Dancing, and many a fine-feat)  
Was Knighted by name of *Rise-up Sir John Lort*,  
A Knight in good earnest, though Prince but in sport.  
But all this is nothing to what the *News* saith  
How *Christians* at *Edinbrough* converted to th' Faith,

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To

## *The last Years Intelligencer.*

To shew their Profession was true and sincere  
 Did keep the high *Feast* in *Minc d-pye* and good cheer.  
 Then to shew us how strangely some men are deceiv'd  
 That *Mary* 'thout sin was Born, and Conceiv'd  
 The *Pope* has of *Faith* it an *Article* made  
 To keep in repute the *Infallible* trade.

### *Advertisements.*

ONE pretty young trotting roan-colour'd *Mare*  
 With a whey bristl'd main, and her tayl half bare,  
 Having five white feet, and a large wall-eye,  
 Of a dozen years old, and thirteen hands high,  
 Was lost; with a motly coloured *Bitch*  
 Spotted all o're as if she had the Itch.  
 These losses and crosses do shrewdly portend  
 Some great Revolution of *State* is at hand  
 'Mongst *Faulknors*, and *Hunts-men*, and Lovers o'th' Game,  
 Fore-told by Black-mondays *Eclipse* ere it came.  
 Those famous *Lozenges* hight *Pectoral*,  
 Approv'd for *Consumptions*, and Diseases all,  
 From *Plague* to *Prick'd-finger*, by *Thomas Buck--worth*  
 Nothing, are sold at *Mile-end* and so forth.  
 An *Ægyptian Mummie* show'd with *Hieroglyphicks*,  
 But with no *Oration* like the *Philippics*;  
 From *Lybian Sands*, and neer to Town *Memphis*,  
 (Of which there is mention in *Thomas a Kempis*)  
 Was after two thousand five hundred Years  
 Brought into the *Strand* to be seen, as appears.  
 We would fain have ended this Moneth without malice,  
 But *Mors* had a pique at my good Lord *Cornwallis*.

FEBRUARY.

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O Ur Bishops abus'd by some ignorant Flirter,  
Was Whip'd by Le Strange for his *Animadverter*.  
If any Sweet Lady suspect her own Kisses,  
One Turner can give her approv'd *Dentifrices*.

New Books.

L E *Reading del mon Seignior my-Lord Cooke*  
Was publish'd in print, 'tis thought in some Book;  
Do's any young Student care to know what that is  
Let him turn to the *Statute de Clunibus levatis*.  
Or if he affect our *Poetic Essays*  
There are newly publish'd *One and twenty Plays*,  
With *Olios, Orations*, and all in new dresses  
By one of our *thrice noble Marchionesses*.  
For *Candles*, and *Jellies* and many such knacks  
To strengthen both *Elders* and *Presbyters* backs  
In spite of proud *Prælats* (I tell you no storie)  
A Lady has set forth a *Choyce Directorie*.  
This Moneth the great *Wind* blew down *Chimney-rupniell*,  
Had it blown up the *Hearths* too (good troth) it had done ill,  
For those who maligne our blessed *Kings Revenue*,  
'Tis believ'd would have payed Him never a pennie.  
The Virtues of the *Antimonial Cup*,  
(Whereof you need take but a pound at one sup)  
Do's cure all *Diseases* without the least danger  
By the time one may gallop from *London* to *Tangir*.

## MARCH.

PRince Charles of Lorrain as fast as horse would goe ,  
 Went Post from Vienna to kifs the Popes good-toe ;  
 And thence to Vienna he rode back again ,  
 For which (it is said) he had's labour for's pain.

## APRIL.

ANother Edition of *Help to Discourse* ,  
 ( In which there's as much Wit as in my old horse )  
 With a curious new Volume of *State and Court Jest*s  
 To be us'd in the City and Aldermens Feasts.

## MAY.

STurgeons Male and Female ; at Hampton came in  
 Sportending the meeting of our gracious Queen  
 With King Charles (heavens bless him) just as who should say  
 I think He was born to be Married in May.  
 This Moneth our Scots-brethren being in a good mood ,  
 Six Bishops did consecrate at Holy-Rood ,  
 With promise they'd never be such Knaves and Fools  
 To fling at their heads again Chairs and Joynt-stools.  
 But now see our Queen arriv'd at Hampton-Court ,  
 To which the whole Kingdom did make their resort :  
 VVhat kissing of hand ! what loud acclamation  
 By Londons Recorder with Spanish Oration  
 In Moote-French was there ! to see Ladies in dresses  
 Not like us poor Subjects , but all like Queen-Besses ,  
 Or hundred Maid-marrians in Ginger-bread-past ,  
 VVith wide Peticoat, and fine slender VVast.

JUNE.

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**L**ord *Verulams Busbell* long out of his Wits,  
 Made now an Agreement with those of *Row-pits*,  
 Where through five tall Mountains, he now the sixt cuts;  
 For he makes it nothing to rake in *Hells* guts,  
 Get *Gold* out of *Flints*, squeeze Aire through the Hills  
 By Pipe, and great Bellows, which turn the *Wind-mills*  
 His head is so full of; but this is not all,  
 He melts Lead with Lightning to spare our Coal-small:  
 In hermitage-*Grotto* writes many fine fancies,  
 And sends to *Man in Moon* by internunce *Gances*.  
 But if all these Miracles will not yet charm ye,  
 At *Oxford* he once did clothe all the *Kings Armie*.  
 Not *Herc'les's* Labours to his comparable  
 VVhen he slew the fell *Dragon*, and clens'd the fowl Stable,  
 All which so much cry'd up, are not worth a Louse;  
 Master *Busbell* will set up a *Solomon's-house*.  
 Sir *Henry Vane* that so long was extoll'd,  
 On *Tow'r-Hill* was this Moneth for *Treason* decoll'd.

JULY.

**Q**ueen *Christin* as if sh'ad been tost in a blanket,  
 Comes again now to *Rome* where she had a brave banquet,  
 At which she disputed in *French*, *Greek* and *Latin*,  
 Not in *Peticotos* but *Breeches* of *Sattin*.

Ken

Ken ye well why the *French-Ambassador* yet  
 Has made her no Visit 'till he know where to sit,  
 On Joynt-stool or Chair, at left-hand, or right,  
 For which there's two *Couriers* sent *Post* day and night,  
 To bring word from *Paris*, and from King of *France*,  
 Alas, What's eight-hundred miles for a *French Dance*!

*Advertisements.*

NEW Books this Moneth publish'd; first comes Mr. *Hobbs*  
 Consider'd, or not; with a many dry bobbs.  
 The *Shepher-sheba*, and *Anti-baal-berith*,  
 Confounding the Covenant from *Edenbrough* to *Eriith*.  
*Chocolata's* true history for the *Mully-grubbs*,  
 And help *Kinder-maken* by *Profelyte Stubbs*;  
 VVith many more Pieces of wondrous strange Titles,  
 Some writ by good Scholars, and some by *Dull-betles*.

AUGUST.

HIS *Holiness* quarrels this Moneth with Duke *Creqny*,  
 In which there were shot, & slain many a *French-Laquay*;  
 This anger has lost the *Pope* City *Avinion*;  
 But 'twill all come to nothing some are of opinion.  
 In *Ireland* his Grace (Father of Lord *Ossery*)  
 'Mongst Vassals whose speech is *Fragulian Chessery*,  
 Did bathe his *Bootes* in Sea from knees to the heels,  
 To invite the lost *Fishing*, and good *Salmon-peals*;  
 Such virtue in *Leather* there is on *Dukes* foot,  
 As made simple *Filhes* swim thither a trot.

SEPTEMBER.

THE Prince of *Bavaria* that he might remember  
 VWhen he comes to ripe Age, this Moneth of *September*,  
 VWas Christned by name *Maximilian*  
*Innumerabil. Constantinopolitan* ;  
*Lodovicus* , *Francisc* , *Ignace* , *Antonius* ,  
*Jose* , *Nicolas* , *Felix* , and last of all *Pius*  
 By the *Pralate* of *Tegen* , lest men should miscall ,  
 Or *Saint* take unkindly , he nam'd him names all.  
 The *Rump* newly risen from tedious Session ,  
 The right honest *Speaker* dy'd with a Confession ,  
 That all they pretended was nought but Confusion :  
 May more *Knaves* have grace to make such a conclusion.  
 Some thing I should here say of *Pulve Sympathetic* ,  
 Which cures all Diseases that are *Hypothetic* ;  
 If any the like to compose should desire ,  
 'Tis to be prepar'd by *Promethean-Fire*.  
 VWhat other strange wonders it do's bring to pass ,  
 Recommend we your *Patient* to Sir *Hudibras*.

OCTOBER.

Great talk there was now of *Herrings* , and *Busses* ,  
 And one *Rowland Pepin* for making good *Trusses* ,  
 Gainst *Burstnesse* , and *Ruptures* , and all such loose things ,  
 But that damn'd disease of our *Merchants Purse-strings*.  
 Room, room for - - - - my Lord Mayor comes ,  
 VVith *Whiffers* , and *Pageants* , soft Fifes and lowd Drums ;  
 Some

Some marching on horses, and some on foot trudge,  
 Some dighted in Scarlet, Gold-chains, and in Budge;  
 To see the Worlds-wonder, *Pauls Church* walk on foot,  
 The great *Tow'r* of *London* pluck'd up by the root;  
 All born on mens shoulders, like *Elephants Castles*,  
 Or, as on my *Lords-horse* his crimson-red Tassles.

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### NOVEMBER.

THE next gallant fight was th' Ambassador of *Mosco*,  
 From Countrey far like his Chin o're-grown with *Bosco*;  
 With black-Fox, and Ermine, *Hawkes*, *Carpets* and *Sables*;  
*Sea-morse-tooth*, *Bows*, *Arrows*, and *Hemp* to make *Cables*.  
 Two brave *Persian* Pransers lead by beards in green,  
 All born for a *Present* to *King*, and to *Queen*.  
 A wondrous fine *Puppet-play Bartholomew Fair*  
 Shew'd, where the small *Manikins* danc'd in the air;  
 But oh! the rare *Butter-fly*, you'd swear were alive,  
 All singing in *Musique* with *Recitative*.

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### DECEMBER.

NOW was the *Extraction* of *Genoia Gnioco*,  
 Set up by no *Cheat*, but some fine subtil *Rooko*:  
 'Tis hung out as *Licence*, in book, in the *Lent* is  
 Of *Faculty-Office*, when time to repent is  
 For eating of *Flesh*, at so damn'd dear a rate,  
 Sound *Wench* would be *Cheaper*, unless the *Price bate*.

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